P L O T.
O R N O P L O T.

OR,

Sir W---m and his Spy foil'd.

A New BALLAD.

Ye Lords, and ye Commons, give Ear to my Ditty,
While I tell of a Plot lately hatch'd in the City,
You have heard how Mountain once brough forth a
Such a Labour I ſing---No Offence to the H----. (Mouſe
Derry Down

A Sett of *True Britons*, who've ne'er ſold a Vote,
And ſcorn'd for Court-Favour to alter their Note,
Met together at Dinner, as thinking with Reaſon,
Roaſt Beef in *Old England* cou'd ne'er be deem'd Treaſon.
Derry Down.

Tho' they met, as they tell you no Miſchief intending,
Yet the Proof of the Pudding is found in the ſpending;
For as Children are frighten'd with Tales of a Ghoſt,
So our Courtiers they're ſcar'd with the Sound of a Toaſt.
Derry Down.

Nor think this Alarm of our Miniſtry ſtrange;
For who knows what's meant by the *Royal Exchange*;
Thed the Words *Abſent Stewards* ſmell ſtrong of Rebelling,
Since to make 'em High-Treaſon---wants only the Spelling
Derry Down.

Sir *W*----*m* ſuſpecting ſome horrid Deſign,
That endanger'd his Place and the Proteſtant Line,
Diſpatch'd a Court-Engine, whoſe Ear and whole Eye,
Might remark what was doing----ſome call him a *Spy*.
Derry Down.

But ſome, who were ſurely no Friends to the Crown,
Not liking the Face of our Spy, knock'd him down:
The Knight ſore enraged at this cruel Diſaſter,
Thought a Plot for his Noddle would prove a good Plaiſter
Derry Down.

Beſides, as he held, in ſuch dangerous Times,
For *Tories* to eat and to drink were high Crimes;
So no Meal-Tub or Harlequin Puppy before,
Produced ſuch a Plot as this Dinner, e ſware.
Derry Down.

To the H[illegible] he complain'd then, and ſtraight was appointed
To ſearch out this Scheme 'againſt the Lords High Anointed
But like *Scrub*, when his Plot he reveal'd to Friend *Martin*
Knowing not what to make on't, he thought made it certain
Derry Down.

For ſo cloſely theſe *Tories* their Project had ſmother'd,
That the more he enquir'd the leſs he diſcover'd:
So finding not one Wrinkle more in his A---,
The H----e all concluded this Plot but a Farce.
Derry Down

Our Stateſmen then cried, ſince we've made ſuch a Pother
And this Plot's too young, let us cook up another;
For altho' our Knight's Credit has chanc'd to miſcarry,
Sure all will believe *Honeſt Gentleman Harry*.
Derry Down.